Volume LXXVI CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 25, 1915 Number 13

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

U. S. Navy Plan Means Burden on World, Lord Rosebery Says

LONDON, Nov. 16.—"I know nothing more disheartening than the announcement recently made that the United States—the one great country left in the world free from the hideous, bloody burden of war—is about to embark on the building of a huge armada destined to be equal or second to our own," Lord Rosebery said, presiding at the Rhodes lecture in the University of London tonight.

"It means," he continued, "that the burden will continue on the other nations, and be increased exactly in proporton to the fleet of the United States.

"I confess that it is a disheartening prospect that the United States, so remote from the European conflict, should voluntarily in these days take up the burden which after this war will be found to have broken, or almost broken, our backs."

Old Europe, Lord Rosebery said, was disappearing, never to return in its present shape. On the conclusion of the war the form it would assume, he thought, would be unlike anything with which the world had grown familiar.

One obvious aspect of this transition, he thought, was that in the future it would be quite impossible to make treaty arrangements between the great powers without first obtaining some guarantee of their observance. The signature of Germany to a document of any kind, he said, would have little value within any measureable time that could now be contemplated.

It was likewise true that this observance would have to be generally applied beyond Germany, because no nation would feel itself safe which obtained the price of peace on anything but some material guarantee of its own. This ultimately meant force.

—From Chicago Tribune of November 17.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 195
To the Rulers of the Battle Torn Peoples of Europe (An Open Letter).—JENKIN LLOYD JONES 196
Booker T. Washington Memorial Service.—M. B. P. 197
A Tribute to Booker T. Washington-Jenkin Lloyd Jones.—A. L. K. 198
THE PULPIT—
Seven Sermons of Love for the Battle-Torn Peoples. Reinforcements of Faith. VI. Why Love Russia 200
CONTRIBUTED—
Woman and Beauty.—JAMES G. TOWNSEND 205
SELECTED—
An American View—No Ultimatum in Diplomacy. —DAVID STARR JORDAN 204
CORRESPONDENCE—
The Funeral of Booker T. Washington—LYMAN WARD 205
POETRY—
To Booker T. Washington.—*George Packard* 195
The Calling.—*Louise Driscoll* 197
At Eventide.—*W. H. Jones* 205
THE FIELD—
A Parish Program 206
Myra Ivanovna.—*Literary Digest* 206

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

JONES
Dairy Farm
SAUSAGE

FOR SALE BY

ROSENBERGER MARKET HOUSE
1450 E. 47th Street
FRED BAGLARD
1516 E. 53rd Street
BLACK BROS.
1540 E. 53rd Street
WM. BELDOWN
1522 E. 47th Street
CLARK-CROW CO.
3937 Cottage Grove Ave.
H. F. HUGHES,
53th and Madison
A. W. LEDGE
1516 E. 53rd Street
C. H. MORGAN & CO.
1485 E. 47th Street
G. T. WELL & CO.
1208 E. 63rd Street
CHAS. M. HISENBERG
1327 E. 47th Street
BUST & RUTSDALE
1400 E. 47th Street

MILO C. JONES
FT. ATKINSON, WIS.

Telephone, Douglas 6665

John G. Hope

PAINTING AND DECORATING

PAINTERS' SUPPLIES
WALL PAPER
GLASS

3811 Cottage Grove Ave.
Chicago

THE Keeley Treatment

For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always

We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.

Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.

The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

John U. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

-PRINTING-
Attractive Printing for the Office, the Church, the Club. Moderate prices.
Oakland : Printing : Shop
743 E. 39th Street
Douglas 4305—PHONES—Auto. 71-471

DREXEL MARKET HOUSE
WELBERRY & RAMM, Proprietors
Fancy and Staple Groceries, Meats and Vegetables
3958 Cottage Grove Avenue
Phones: Drexel 113
Automatic 73-096

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

BISSELL LAUNDRY CO.
Phone Douglas 1065
655-59 39th Street

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FRANK R. PRIEVE, President
4850-52 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3278

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HUNERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1017 East 47th Street

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM COAL DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1915. NUMBER 13

TO BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Thy work is done! The seeds ye sowed
Into the soil of Southern spleen
Will bear rich fruit, and flower forth
Into a race that blends the scene

Of former bondage and despair
Into a realm of raceless strife.
A leader of men, thy constant course
Hath led thy people back to life!

No more, 'tis true, thy eloquent tongue
Shall soothe, inspire and command.
The spirit of thy wondrous work
Will yet endure throughout the land.

Then mourn no more, ye sorrowing friends,
Nor sing disconsolate refrain—
The man who wrought lives on in deeds
And Freedom's loss is Freedom's gain.

—*George Packard.*

The announcements of a certain church lie before us in which the Men's Club offers serious discussion and high entertainment for the winter's work. A proclamation from the woman's side tells of "Taffy Pulls," "Dutch Suppers," "Valentine Parties," "Dutch Treats" and other fun making activities. Both programs perhaps are justified but we do not like the sex distinction here. Certainly some of the women are interested in the thought and cultural work of the church. As certainly some of the men ought to help in the fun making.

The National Security League is out with its "modest" demand. Its program for 1916 asks for only 4 battleships, 16 destroyers, 16 coast submarines, 3 fleet submarines, 4 scouts, 1 supply ship, 1 destroyer tender, 1 navy transport, 4 gunboats, 2 oil-fuel ships, 1 submarine tender, 1 hospital ship. Air service, $5,000,000. The circular does not venture to foot up the totality, neither does it include in its list of preventives any number of colleges or schools in which our foreign born citizens might be taught the methods of peace and the constructive efficiency that seeks to preserve life and to promote international comity.

Frank Crane, D.D., in his work on "War and World Government" recently published by John Lane, New York, says:

> The party in the United States who are opposed to the policy of "military preparedness" are not chicken-livered cowards. . . . . We—and I am proud to speak as one of them—are merely plain, commonsense folk, who refuse to be blinded by custom or to be stampeded by appeals to fear or to race hate. The policy of military preparedness which some desire to force on us is not new. It has been tried pretty consistently some six thousand years. It smashed eventually Egypt, Greece, Rome, Spain, and France as world empires. It is now bearing its logical fruit in Europe, ruining commerce, agriculture, manufacture, and all right human enterprise in a tornado of folly.
>
> When gentlemen therefore urge Uncle Sam to adopt the precise policy that is devastating Europe, he is not a dreamer, but rather shows the hardest kind of sense when he says: "I rather guess not."
>
> We do not want to "change human nature," we want to substitute intelligence for idiocy in the men who do the governing.
>
> We do not believe justice is the product of gunpowder; liberty is not the quotient of a preponderating navy, and honor is not to be determined by duels, individual or national."

The recent appreciation of the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton by the Rev. H. L. Hayward has brought a flood of letters seeking further information concerning the church in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. It may save labor both there and here, to publish the basis of fellowship of The Liberal Christian Church of Cedar Rapids which, in its announcement, published in brackets below the title the word "Universalist":

> The aim of this society is to cultivate Freedom, Friendship and Fraternity in religion, in behalf of all that makes for private nobility and public welfare. Believing that a unity of spirit is better than a uniformity of theology, we welcome to our fellowship everyone who is seeking truth and righteousness, whatever his faith or opinion may be, leaving each one free to think and act for himself. No creed or ritual is imposed as a requisite of membership, but simply a desire to help forward the cause of spiritual culture and the higher life.

At our further convenience we will publish the brief statement of Dr. Newton as to "What Is a Church, What Is a Christian Church and What Is the Liberal Christian Church,"—his remarks on the welcoming of new members.

The following is a sample of various inquiries received at the editorial office of UNITY: "I wonder whether you are planning to publish the series of 'Seven Sermons of Love for the Battle-torn Peoples' in book form. If so, I would like now to enter an order for a copy to be sent to a lady in Montreal, Canada. I sent her the one on Germany and she was so delighted with it that she hopes the whole series will appear in one volume." Of course the Editor of UNITY would be glad to give wider publicity to these sermons but it is a fixed conclusion, crystallized into a familiar phrase on the part of publishers, that "Sermons do not pay. The people are not reading books of sermons in our days." UNITY would like to be further informed concerning this matter. With a reasonable amount of encouragement the preacher might consent to the rash thing of putting these sermons into book form. Other-

wise they will be consigned to the early death and oblivion that awaits published sermons. Reader, what do you say?

The Navy League of the United States is out on a campaign to increase its membership. A committee of fifty has been organized to secure five thousand new members and they have started the publication of a monthly to be known as the "Seven Seas Magazine." The society is out with flaming hand-bills. They say: "Now is the time to strike for an adequate navy. All of our members are doing splendid work in moulding public opinion. We should have more than a hundred thousand members before Congress convenes in December. We want you to become a member now. Your country needs your help. Please use the form below and enclosed envelope." It is well to know what these militant brethren are about. This is mobilizing democracy in the wrong direction. What have the working men, and above all, the working women, nay, all women—wives, mothers and sweethearts—to say concerning this systematic attempt to debauch the pacific United States by trying to put it on to the low levels of monarchial Europe where the man with the gun is ever present and as a consequence woman between the horns of the plow is a familiar sight.

The platform adopted by the International Peace Congress, recently held in San Francisco, in its recommendation for a third Hague Conference to follow as soon as possible the conclusion of the present war, wisely suggests that the delegates to such conference represent the civil and not the military authority of their respective countries. If this obviously sensible restriction had been exercised in the assembling of the previous conferences at the Hague, we would be generations ahead and possibly would have avoided this war. The representatives of the army and the navy at these congresses, honorable men but blinded by their professional training, opposed some of the most urgent demands on these conferences and defeated some provisions that would have averted at least some of the horrors of this war. Let those who doubt this statement study carefully Andrew D. White's account of the first Conference which shows how even the American delegation divided on several great questions and the military men were on the reactionary and conservative side. It is always so. It was no mere whim or historical accident that put so many of the military trained men on the side of slavery, rebellion and secession from '61 to '65.

The *Inquirer* (London) assures us that the English people need have no apprehension as to the future of Stonehenge which has recently come under the hammer, as a part of the Amsbury estate. We are told that it is under the protection of the Ancient Monuments' Act, which assures its preservation and could only be sold on condition that the public should have free access to it on the payment of a sum not exceeding one shilling per head, that it should be maintained so far as possible, in its present condition, and that the purchaser should not erect any buildings within a certain prescribed distance of the Circle. This to our American eyes does not seem to be so very free. Think of the tourist being charged twenty-five cents, the equivalent of a shilling, to see Niagara, to visit the Muir Woods, or, even to view the Wisconsin River Dells. This disappointment is not softened by the insinuation somewhere noted that the purchaser is an American. England has permitted the withdrawal of thousands of acres of heroic scenery and notable landscape from the public that they may be the more effective hunting preserves for the few. The British public should have no gate fee to exclude them from their ancestral sanctities. The public domain in Europe and America needs enlargement, not contraction.

To the Rulers of the Battle-Torn Peoples of Europe

(*An Open Letter*)

To their Royal Highnesses Kings, Kaiser, Czar and President:

May I, a humble American citizen, in behalf of the humanity to which we all belong and the civilization which we all affect, suggest that you have by this time demonstrated your own sincerity and the marvelous courage of your people. You have demonstrated to all ages that your subjects are imbued with unflinching loyalty, a self-sacrificing patriotism that has led millions of them to painful deaths, left millions more of them to a living death, with mutulated bodies and broken homes, and that you have still left millions more, who, at your bidding, will offer themselves as willing food to cannon and live or die at your behest.

You have also demonstrated, have you not, the unconquerable quality of the armies arrayed on either side. You have proved that a "sweeping victory" is scarcely possible with such brave men on both sides, still less to be desired by the gallant leaders on all sides, for magnanimity is one attribute of valor. In the face of this experience has the time not come when the true heroism of all engaged lies in the recognition of the heroism of the foemen that have proved worthy of your steel? Believing in the integrity of all parties concerned, remembering the sincere contentions urged by all the parties involved—that they sought not encroachment on the rights of others, that theirs was not a war for expansion but for protection—has not the time come when all parties concerned, without the loss of honor, with a full recognition of their valor, should for a time at least "Cease Firing!" that you may the better

consider the methods by which you can honorably "Ground Arms!" with your boundaries and rights safeguarded? Not only that but that the brave men still left in your command may return to their wives and their children, to the waiting soil and the abandoned wheels in shops and mills, to profit by a nobler and wider fellowship than can ever be secured by the shedding of blood. Thus all the countries involved may find themselves at last shoulder to shoulder, facing the common enemies of ignorance, cupidity, greed and the narrow patriotism that interferes with the growth of brotherhood and the organization of the world.

This petition is humbly submitted on behalf of what I believe to be the millions of human beings, of all the continents, who are tired of war but who admire the valor it has generated.

Very respectfully yours,

Jenkin Lloyd Jone

A Citizen of the United States.

Abraham Lincoln Centre,
Chicago, November 22, 1915.

THE CALLING.

Leaf leaf,
Your mother is calling you!
The old earth mother,
The brown earth mother,
Is calling, calling you!

Out of her heart you came,
Little green leaves in Spring,
Opening, whispering,
Sap high, bow free,
Every branch of every tree
Was bannered gallantly.
Singing birds built nests,
Little winds drifted through.

Leaf, leaf, don't you hear?
Your mother is calling you!

Scarlet leaf of the maple tree,
The dogwood and the barberry,
Yellow of poplar, stiff and tall,
Fall! Fall!
She will take you into her heart again,
Crucible of the wind and rain.
Out of her heart she will renew
Green leaves when Spring comes calling
you!

Leaf leaf,
Your mother is calling you!
The old earth mother,
The brown earth mother,
Is calling, calling you!

—*Louise Driscoll.*
In New York Times.

Booker T. Washington

Memorial Service

On Sunday afternoon of November 21st the auditorium of the Abraham Lincoln Centre was filled by a representative audience of citizens who met to honor the memory of one of the world's great leaders, Booker T. Washington. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Frederick Douglass Center, Dr. George C. Hall, a personal friend of Mr. Washington's, presiding. Printed on the program was this significant line from an address given by Booker T. Washington some years ago, and now engrossed upon the walls of the Frederick Douglass Center: "I am resolved that no man shall pull me down by making me hate him."

After an impressive scripture reading and prayer by the Rev. J. T. Jenifer of the A. M. E. Church of Chicago, Dr. Hall paid a brief tribute to Dr. Washington, whose funeral he attended last week at Tuskegee. He opened his remarks by saying: "The two centers and all the friends gathered here honor themselves in paying tribute to the memory of this great, fallen leader." He repeated part of a conversation he had with Mrs. Washington relative to the monument which might be raised to his memory, in which he agreed with her that no broken shaft would be typical of the life of this man who had lived long enough to see his work so divinely rounded out.

The first speaker, Mr. E. H. Wright, Assistant Corporation Counsel of the city of Chicago, reviewed the career of this great, simple, self-made man "who had carved his way from the depths, through all imaginable difficulties, to a height seldom attained by man, even under the most favorable circumstances," and of the nation-wide sorrow at his death. He quoted Frederick Douglass' well known sentence, "We are not to be measured by the heights to which we have attained, but by the depths from which we have arisen." Mr. Wright gave as the keynote of this man's life his earnestness and zeal in living up to his early vision of service to his race and his time.

Mr. Wright was followed by Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Chicago, who paid a high tribute to this man as a teacher, who, she said, might be called one of the greatest educators of any time, without distinction of race or color. Mrs. Young said when she first visited Tuskegee she went expecting to find very good work for an educator of another race, but found work extremely good for an educator of *any* race, saw there well carried out work that had been *thought* about a great deal in Chicago, but so far has fallen short of accomplishment—that of industrial education as well as knowledge gained from books. She counts him among the few reformers in education who have moved forward and upward in studying educational methods. Two things greatly impressed her at this visit; the fine carriage of these students and their concentration in their work when in the classroom. Mrs. Young hoped that in the installation of a new leader at Tuskegee the world would not have excuse to say "You see there was but one of his race who could do anything." She added, "Nothing would grieve and disappoint Dr. Washington more than that."

At this point the audience, under the leadership of Mrs. Antoinette Crump Cone, sang "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

The next speaker, Mr. Alexander L. Jackson, secretary of the colored Y. M. C. A. of this city, a Harvard graduate and a speaker whose simple earnestness won his audience, told of attending Dr. Washington's funeral with Dr. Hall. He said as he passed through some parts of the country on that sad journey and saw some of the neglected looking land and cabins, and then looked upon the beautiful campus at Tuskegee, with its model buildings, he realized the consummation of Booker Washington's dream. "He was the kind of a man who did his job where he found it, who did the thing nearest to him and did it well, and upon us rests the burden of proving to the world that Booker Washington did not live in vain."

Judge E. O. Brown, the next speaker, said: "The first thought that came to me when I heard of Booker Washington's death was of those words spoken by Secretary Stanton at the deathbed of Lincoln: 'Now he belongs to the ages.' His work," he continued, "might be termed the apotheosis of education. Not only was he an educator but a leader of men. Each student upon leaving Tuskegee became in his turn a teacher and missionary. Dr. Washington was no compromiser, no temporizer, no fawner after the white man's favor. He taught us that no one can insult us but ourselves; paid no attention to those who criticized him; he was so busy working and dreaming of more work to be done that he had no time to either dodge stones or throw them."

Mr. George Packard, an attorney of Chicago, spoke of the wonderfully quiet manner in which the great teacher accomplished his work, for which reason he was able to do more than any other person to remove the resentment of the white people of the South toward the colored race. In closing Mr. Packard read the poem found on another page.

Mr. S. Laing Williams offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted by a rising vote, a copy of the same to be sent to Mrs. Washington:

The sudden death of Booker T. Washington is an event of world-wide interest and grief. His loss is not felt by one race alone or by a single country, but in every civilized land.

The members and friends of the Frederick Douglass Center, assembled with those of Abraham Lincoln Centre in a Memorial Service, Sunday, November 21, desire to put on record their sorrow for their loss and deep appreciation of this man's services to the great causes of race advancement and human enlightenment all around the world.

Throughout his long and wonderful career his steady climb upward from the humblest birth and surroundings to a position of highest honor and influence has won universal admiration and praise. The results of his life work are beyond human measurement. His name and example will kindle faith and renew courage in succeeding generations, and will remain an enduring memory, a lasting possession and spiritual treasure to mankind.

Dr. Hall, in introducing the next speaker, Mr. Julius Rosenwald, paid tribute to him as a simply-great man who had the vision to recognize another simply-great man, and the generosity to help him realize his ideals, which has resulted in the establishment of Y. M. C. A.'s for the colored race and in putting upon the map of certain Southern states seventy-four or five model rural schools. Mr. Rosenwald said in part: "Booker Washington was my friend and his death leaves a void in my heart. It will be no easy task to find his successor; but great as was his work at Tuskegee, it was not so great as the work he did outside in removing friction between the two races."

Mrs. Cone lead the audience in singing "Steal Away to Jesus."

The next speaker, Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley, introduced as "the leading spirit of the Frederick Douglass Center," spoke of Lincoln Centre as "the big brother of Douglass Center," and gave high praise to Mr. Bradley, whose beautiful cartoon entitled "Fame" appeared in the *Daily News* on the day of Dr. Washington's death. The original drawing for this cartoon was kindly loaned for this occasion, and with a fine portrait of Dr. Washington had its place among the beautiful floral decorations of the pulpit. Mrs. Woolley said: "Happy is the man who, early in life, sees the vision of what he wants to do with his life, and then, like Booker Washington, has the ability to make every step of his life lead toward the realization of that vision." She spoke of the sweet spirit of the man, of his attitude of non-resistance in the face of every attack and of her great indebtedness to him for this, as well as the words quoted on the program: "I am resolved that no man shall pull me down by making me hate him."

Jenkin Lloyd Jones closed with an address to be reproduced elsewhere. M. B. P.

A Tribute to Booker T. Washington

By JENKIN LLOYD JONES

At the Memorial Meeting held at the Abraham Lincoln Centre November 21, 1915.

Stenographically Reported by Mrs. Annie Laurie Kelly.

The Frederick Douglass Center has done well in arranging for and carrying out this memorial service. They have done very well. They could not do less. They have done all they could. The Abraham Lincoln Centre has done well in opening its doors for this occasion. Again and again I have ventured the opinion that the Abraham Lincoln Centre would be justified if it rendered no other service to the city of Chicago than to offer its hospitality to all races and all creeds. Here within these walls nothing human is foreign. Here within these walls race lines and creed distinctions fail. We have done well once more in bidding you representatives of the colored race welcome here.

But this is not an adequate memorial service for the city of Chicago to render to Booker T. Washington. Here, perforce, the texture of his hair and the tint of his skin have been in mind, but in an adequate memorial men and women high in the confidences of the city and the nation should gather and strike the only true memorial note for such a man, a note that would be way above all consciousness of color and all traditions of race. Whatever Booker T. Washington accomplished, should be put down to the credit of neither white nor black, but to the credit of the human race. There are points in the ascent of human nature when the enlightened soul becomes color blind, he sees no distinction of physical construction or inheritance. He is in the community of souls; he is in the republic of letters; he is in the fellowship of the spirit where national patriotism fades into the more sublime emotions of humanity, the love of men.

It would be easy for me to indulge in reminiscences, for I, too, have my personal associations. I doubt if there is anyone on this platform whose acquaintance with Booker T. Washington covers a larger area of time than my own. My acquaintance with him is almost co-extensive with his career as a teacher in the South.

I believe I had an humble part to do in "discovering" Booker T. Washington, at least to the Unitarians of New England. Way back in those old days of biennial Unitarian Congresses, when George William Curtis was president of that organization, and Governor Hoar was his successor, when James Freeman Clarke, Julia Ward Howe and their comrades were in attendance, and the great president of the Sanitary Commission, Henry W. Fellows, was running the program of this particular congress of Unitarians held in the United States Hotel at Saratoga, he sent for me one afternoon and said: "Jones, you know I am all right on the color question. I am on record as you know; but then you know perfectly well we cannot turn on every colored man that comes along. Now there are some people here who want me to give place to a young colored man from the South in the platform meeting tomorrow night"—which was the great event in the program—"I wish you would go and see him and see if he can be trusted."

I did go and see him reported that I thought he could be trusted to make good.

Ten minutes was given him and he made clearly the hit of the evening, and from that time henceforth he had an open way into the hearts, and, what was better to his needs, into the purses of the New England Unitarians.

Many are the pilgrimages that I have made to Tuskegee. I have watched the growth of this wonderful undertaking, witnessed its triumph, delighted in the development of the man as well as the institution. Friends I consider Washington and Tuskegee as the greatest contribution to pedagogy that this country has known. Henceforth let it not be said that Booker T. Washington was the greatest colored teacher or that Tuskegee was the greatest trumph in the education of the colored people. Let it be said, boldly, without fear of contradiction, and I believe with the consent of the competent, that he was the greatest pedagogue of his generation, and that Tuskegee is the most successful educational institution on new and high and enduring lines yet reached in the United States—and I suppose that is the same as saying, yet reached in the wide world.

I want to bear my personal testimony to the justice of eliminating the adjectives "technical," "industrial" and "practical" in referring to such educational work.

Tuskegee gave to the girls and boys there assembled the education that idealists dream of. They became interesting in intangible things, loved the beautiful which is ever allied to the spiritual. I never have gone across the distances to tell them about the practical things I know most about. I have not lectured to them on Jersey calves or raising pigs, which is my technical education and about which I have theories, but I talked to them of the things about which I knew less—Emerson and Tolstoy, Ruskin and Dickens, Browning and George Eliot. The last time I was there—and in very congenial company—off in one of those side shops a group of under-graduates gathered about me in their working clothes, and one of them said: "Doctor, when are you going to come down and tell us some more about that Russian?—What is his name?" I said, "Tolstoy?" "Yes, that's the man. That was a fine lecture you gave us." Another said, "Yes, I liked that but I liked your Dickens story better." I give this testimony to prove that the education outlined in Tuskegee and realized under the administration of Booker T. Washington was the education of soul and the development of mind that we ask and dream of in our ideal pedagogy.

Having said this, let me say one thing more, that Booker T. Washington himself, although there were strains of African blood in his veins in which he rejoiced, of which he was not ashamed, to the development of which he gave his powers, will never be understood until he is recognized as an American of the Americans, a child of the nineteenth century, a product of democracy. He represented in his own person the thrift of Franklin, the ideality of Emerson, the insight and humanity of Lincoln, the dignity and loyalty of Washington, and out of this spiritual inheritance he came to be a typical American. Such an American we are in a condition to multiply indefinitely. We have plenty of such material to pour into the cauldron, not of the witches but of the genius of history, to stir the same, not with the mystic wand that Shakespeare used but with the educational wand of training and culture.

We are safe in saying that Booker T. Washington is no exceptional, miraculous, unparalleled exposition of power. He escaped many of the shackles that today are thrown about young people, peculiarly about the young colored people who most delight to honor him. If we could only educate our men and women by the process of cancellation, cut out the luxuries, leave out the formulas, forget the examinations, put aside the tests, and, with their forces unexhausted, throw them out on a waiting world as Booker T. Washington was thrown, perhaps we could multiply him.

History assures us that such souls as Booker T. Washington do not come in succession. There will be no "successor" to Booker T. Washington in the shape of one man who will hold the confidences, the enthusiasm which he generated; but, thanks to the economy of the spiritual world, Booker T. Washington has left thousands of successors, and the work which heretofore has been done by one man must settle down on many shoulders, and in that process the work will be continued and increased. "Greater things than these will ye do." Let us believe in the unexhausted resources of human nature, in the unrealized possibilities of American life. Let us at this time reconsecrate ourselves to that ideality that makes brothers and sisters of all the children of the most high. Here let no color line invade the province of universal brotherhood. Here let no traditions of slave or slave master stand in the way of the coming synthesis where "a man is a man for a' that and a' that," spite of color, creed, race, descent, religious or party conviction.

Every noble life leaves the fiber of it interwoven forever in the work of the world; by so much, evermore, the strength of the human race has gained.

—*Ruskin.*

THE PULPIT

Seven Sermons of Love for the Battle-torn Peoples

Re-inforcements of Faith

VI.

"Why Love Russia"

Sermon Preached October 31, 1915 in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

Prayer.

Enlarge our minds this morning Father, open our hearts to more wisdom, lead our feet in the way of understanding that we may behold Thy glory made manifest in the works of man, that we may discover Thy law showing itself in the triumphs of nations, that we may feel Thy presence in the struggling children of men. Make us more just, Father, the one to the other, enable us to see things not only from our own narrow and selfish interests, but, in so far as is possible, through the exercise of reason and the practice of love, may we see things as they appear to those whom we distrust, those whom we abase, those to whom we deny the right of private judgment and individual vision. Father, make us more kindly the one to the other. Help us to look beneath the coarse, the harsh, the cruel, and discover the ever growing power of love, moving toward tenderness, ripening into helpfulness. We bless Thee this morning. Father, for the radiance of the sunshine and the greater radiance of the love that streams through the centuries. Amen.

SERMON.

Russia is not a country. It is a world. It is not a nation, but a federation of peoples. It occupies one-seventh of the land surface of the globe. It contains one-tenth of the people of the world. The map tries to give us in colors one hundred "states," as we would call them, but the term is inadequate—one hundred different provinces or aggregations representing in the main differing languages and varying traditions. I tried to count in one of my books the number of languages referred to in tabulating the peoples of Russia, and I had reached fifty when I became confused and gave it up. Russia has domesticated five or six of the great religions of the world, peacefully in the main, with one sad and glaring exception. Many millions of Mohammedans live peacefully within her boundaries. Russia reaches over into vast regions where the name of Confucius carries apostolic power. In the far East the ancient faith of the Brahmin blooms anew in the theosophy of Russia, the home of Madame Blavatsky. Although the Czar of Russia is the nominal head of the Greek Catholic Church, with its pretense of exclusive descent, its apostolic succession, the books tell us that there are thirty million Russians who are not orthodox Greeks and who represent eight Protestant sects, unique and strange in name to our western ears, but apparently as full of life and autonomy as the Baptist, Methodist, Presbyterian and other denominations of America.

Russia is a comparatively new name in the history of nations. An English writer trying to compare the maturity of the present Powers of the world, measuring their age by the age of man, puts the age of England at forty-five, of Germany at thirty, and of Russia at eighteen. So we are confronted by this giant youth, this crude, colossal, vehement, undisciplined, as yet ill-organized, youth in the full tide of his adolescence. But even in the incipiency of its national life we can see in the short perspective of the past a few commanding events and a few triumphant names.

The wonder of human achievement in outward building is St. Petersburg, as we used to say,—Petrograd, as we are learning to say. It took centuries to build the pyramids. "Rome," as the saying goes, "was not built in a day," but St. Petersburg was built in nine years from the time the first spade was put into the ground to the time when it became the royal citadel. It was built in a marsh, where foundations sank and disappeared, where walls crumbled and architects were baffled. But Peter, truly one of the great men of history, persisted, working with his own hands, toiling like a day laborer, living in a hut. With unmeasured wealth behind him, he chose the life of the simplest of the peasants. He built his city in miles and miles of marsh for the wise and strategic reason that his vast empire might have an "eye open toward Europe." Sadly has it needed this outlook, and wisely, in the main, has it used it.

But the monument that indicates the greatest triuph of "Peter the Great" is now the most beloved and admired work of art in Petrograd, for it commemorates the noblest and most humane of his deeds. While suffering from an illness and taking an invalid's walk in the park, he saw a peasant woman and child in the water drowning. He plunged into the icy stream and rescued mother and child, then forthwith went back to bed to die from his exposure. The monument is in bronze and represents the king standing on a rock, bearing on one arm the helpless body of a woman and on the other the limp form of a child. This deed crowns Peter as "The Great."

We in America back there in '69 and '70 gloried in that great triumph that bound the oceans together. We celebrate the mountainous achievement of a transcontinental railroad from New York to San Francisco. But in those very days this "youth" in the east of Europe was working on a transcontinental railroad three times as long as ours, and the project has been accomplished, a project compared with which our Union Pacific Railroad and our Panama Canal are easy achievements, considering the conditions under which they had to struggle.

But more than any outward achievement is the spirit which has made Russia rich in art treasures, notable in architectural achievements, commanding in its mastery of music.

We in this country spent four years in a terrible fratricidal war, slaughtering a million men, in order to strike the shackles from off the limbs of four million slaves. Russia anticipated us by a year or two in this triumph of justice. It manumitted fifty million serfs by the stroke of a pen and without the loss of a life. More than that she placed at the disposal of these emancipated slaves some forty-three million acres of land, making it possible for them to continue in their own right the tilling of the soil to which they were schooled by tyranny and by slavery.

Again, it was the Emperor of Russia who issued that epoch-making Rescript in 1898 which summoned the nations of the world into council to see if the time had not come when they could "Cease Firing!" "Ground Arms!" and devote the energies heretofore wasted in the art and science of destruction to more pacific pursuits. It was the "Czar of all the Russias"

who called the attention of the world to the ever-increasing financial burden on the public prosperity, of the millions and millions spent annually on weapons of destruction, which are no sooner perfected than outgrown. He suggested among the points to be discussed, an agreement of the nations not to increase their military and naval forces, but rather to seek means of reducing them. He sought to interdict the use of any new weapons or explosives; to forbid the throwing of explosives from balloons, and the use of submarine torpedoes; and to neutralize all ships and boats engaging in non-military pursuits. The clauses relating to these prohibitions were signed by sixteen nations but refused by ten. Among these ten, alas! were Great Britain, Austria-Hungary and Turkey, and, on several counts, the United States. These nations refused to act on the proposition to neutralize the skies and the waters below the surface, an American representative offering as an excuse for delaying action concerning bombs from the skies, that such usage was a contingency too remote for consideration just then.

In 1899 the prophetic conclave was held of twenty-six great nations of the world, and seven years later forty-four nations were represented in the same place for the same purpose, and these parted with the tacit understanding that a third conference should be called seven years hence in the interest of further international legislation.

One more amazing achievement toward the amelioration of war we must place to the credit of Russia. With a stroke of the pen it moved one-seventh of the earth's surface on to the "white map." By legal enactment it placed one-tenth of the people of the globe on "dry" territory and proceeded forthwith to convert what we would call "saloon property" and "saloon industries" into school property and educational industries. And this edict is working today. Russia, I believe, is to stay dry!

Here, then, are the five great, astounding, unparalleled triumphs of Russia:

1. The marvelous city of Petrograd built by the power of a human will in nine years.
2. A transcontinental railroad three times as long as ours, built largely through a wild and unsurveyed territory.
3. The emancipation of fifty million souls without bloodshed, an unparalleled event in the history of rulers, a supreme achievement of a king.
4. The bringing of the western world together to contemplate the possibility of settling international disputes by other means than legalized wholesale murder.
5. By another stroke of the pen the placing of the vast Russian territory at the head of the white column of temperance which in this country moves on so haltingly and hesitatingly.

But even these great outward achievements, the emancipation of the slaves under the Czar's Rescript and the abolition of vodka, pale into insignificance when compared to the stupendous contribution to civilization made by Russian genius. More than for all of these and above all of these, I love Russia for Tolstoy, the most beloved man of his age, the man whose face was made familiar through pictures to a greater number of men in his generation than that of any of his contemporaries, with the sole exception of our own Abraham Lincoln. Tolstoy was the great Renunciant of the nineteenth century. Here was a man born of a noble, well nigh royal line, choosing the companionship of peasants, vacating the glory and the luxuries given him, choosing instead the consolation of the cobbler's bench and the inspirations of the hay fields. He turned aside from the mighty opportunities which genius gave him of being easily the greatest fiction writer of his age, perhaps, with one exception, the greatest fiction writer of any age, his right to primacy being disputed only by that other great child of genius and lover of man, Victor Hugo. At the height of his rising genius, when Europe was begging for more, he dropped the pen of a novelist that he might more effectively become, after Jesus, the greatest parable maker of the world.

Tolstoy was born to miltary honors. He would have been borne aloft on the shoulders of the army, but he turned his back on sword and gun and gave his life to the ministry of peace. Words fail me, as time fails me, to state adequately the renunciations of this Master renunciant of the centuries. He would not interpret the gift of genius independently of conscience. He insisted on interpreting art in terms of morality. His eye was trained to beauty, his ear tuned to melody, but he said in effect:

> There shall be none of these allowed in my life except in so far as I am able to interpret them into the current coin of the poorest and into the life of the humblest.

What are the fundamental elements of Tolstoy's message? I would say "Tolstoy's Gospel," except that there was nothing unique in it. There was not one new accent in the message of Tolstoy except, and that is a tremendous exception, that he tried to live it. He took the message of Jesus at its face value and believed it was workable and, single-handed and alone, tried to practice it. With art, culture, society, monuments, fashion, wealth on one side, and conscience, the New Testament, and the suffering peasants of Russia on the other side, he said, "It will work! It must work!"

At fifty-four years of age Tolstoy yielded to the social ambitions of his wife who was altogether worthy of his love but lacking his vision. He left the rural home to spend the winter in the fashionable circles of Moscow. This to satisfy the alleged needs of the rising family. You know how anxious parents are to have their children "enjoy *social* privileges." If you are reasonably rich you want to have the advantages of a winter in Boston; if you are richer they must have at least one winter in Paris; and if you are very rich, you are willing to deny them the privileges of a domestic, settled home anywhere and with them join the Bedouins of the boulevard and become weary globe-trotters. All for the sake of the dear children who need just such "privileges." By the same token Tolstoy yielded to the family demand and moved into Moscow, where he daily met the awful contradictions of modern life. There he saw powdered gentlemen and perfumed ladies in dainty laces being driven to and from the dance in gaily trimmed carriages drawn by prancing horses in silver mounted harnesses. All of this he might have enjoyed had he not at the same time been compelled to see the same streets lined with wretched human beings rotting from disease and starving from hunger.

Touched to the quick with this misery, he sallied forth with his purse for the purpose of relieving misery, but he had not gone far before he realized that the giving of private funds was wholly inadequate to the great task. His genius carried the question fur-

ther back. And he wrote that searching piece of practical sociology, perhaps the keenest arraignment of modern social conditions ever printed. His diagnosis in the main is as applicable to Chicago as to Moscow, varying only in degree.

Jane Addams once said in the old church across the way before the building of Lincoln Centre, "I am in the habit of dividing the people with whom I come in contact into two classes, those who have read Tolstoy's 'What to Do' and those who have not." To which class do you belong this morning? One thing is sure, your reading in sociology has been superficial and you have been dealing with secondary authorities if you do not know Tolstoy and his deliverances on these lines. If you want to deal with "original documents," read Tolstoy. First and foremost, if you can read but one of his books, read "What To Do," which has been translated into English.

Tolstoy found five great world evils:

1. Enmity and anger.
2. Loose living.
3. The taking of oaths and the false loyalties involved therein, for he rightly interpreted the New Testament charge against swearing not as a law against profanity or vulgar language, but against subordinate loyalty, unworthy devotion.
4. The resistance of evil by violence.
5. The distinction between our own nation and foreigners, which leads to war.

There is nothing very startling in these briefly expressed statements of evils that Tolstoy believed to exist at that time and which we pretend to deplore. Over against these evils he suggested five sovereign remedies.

1. Be at peace with one another; count no one low or stupid.
2. Commit not adultery; resist carnal desires.
3. Swear not at all; take no oaths, thereby binding yourself to the will of another.
4. Render not evil for evil; never seek vengeance in the name of justice.
5. Break not the peace; know that all men are brothers.

This is a hard creed to live up to. But it was not a creed but a rule of life to Tolstoy. Back of these five commandments he found these five conditions of happiness. Think them over:

1. Communion with Nature.
2. Work. (Not make-believe work, for you and I well know that the busiest people in Chicago are people of leisure. Oh, the pre-occupations of the indolent!)
3. Family life.
4. Communion with fellow men.
5. Health.

In another of Tolstoy's works he makes one of his heroes find his creed in three great principles:

1. That we should not oppose evil with force.
2. That we should not consume more than we ourselves produce.
3. That men and women should equally practice and aspire towards purity and justice.

"All very good," you say, "only they will not work." But Tolstoy's retort must be met. "How do you know? They have never been tried."

Who can say that the pacific program will not work between nations as it does work between millions of individuals? It has never been tried. Centuries long has the iron rule dominated, and it has worked very badly. It has caused untold millions of deaths and the wasting of untold millions of treasure. Civilization after civilization endowed with great promise has gone down to death and oblivion because the Iron Rule did not work. Let the Golden Rule have a trial. We seek in vain for a nation or a race that has gone down and out from too much goodness or because it was "unprepared" for war, because it was not listed in the "Security League," in whose ranks this afternoon some local preachers are trying to marshal the followers of the meek and lowly Nazarite here in Chicago to carry aloft, not the Cross of Christ, the Prince of Peace, but the banner of national conceit under which they are to go forth to demand more powerful guns, more deadly ships of destruction, more innocent men to kill and be killed. Surely, Tolstoy was ahead of his time, but not ahead of Jesus, of Socrates, of Buddha, or the many wise ones whom we love throughout the ages and honor in life and in death.

It was Russia that gave us this great Renunciant, who devoted his genius to promoting the simple gospel of the Golden Rule. Of course, to think of Tolstoy is to think of Pushkin, who is said to be the founder of modern Russian literature, of Tolstoy's elder brother Tourgenieff, a consummate artist who must needs spend his life abroad while he poured his heart of love for Russia, for the world, into those deathless "Poems in Prose," it is to think of Verestchagin, whom we here learned to love in person and upon whose message we hung with nervous intensity. Many of you will remember those revealing pictures twice exhibited in Chicago, of which he spoke to us from our platform across the way in the old building. So devoted, so heroic, was he in his ministry that he went down to death with the ill-fated Russian battleship on which he had taken passage in order that he might better intrepret with his brush the horrors of war. All these belong to Russia.

Oh, I remember the wicked "pograms"—the slaughter of the Jews. I remember Siberia and its grimness. I know the story of Kiev and the horror in which we hold the Nihilists; but let us be glad that there is at least one country that develops citizens with courage and fortitude enough to suffer for the truth's sake and die for others on the highlands of martyrdom rather than live on the lowlands of selfish prosperity. Sometime, when the whole story of that vast territory, Siberia, is told, the grim land of ice and snow, will win the admiration and sympathy of the generations to come for the fortitude there displayed. If Russia, with its crude and imperial autocracy, exiled her noblest to Siberia, let us not forget that Russia furnished the material worthy to be exiled in that way, and for that I love her.

Our inherited estimate of Russia is indicated by the word "slavery." Those who shaped the English language for us assumed that the people away off there in the northeast regions of Europe were doomed to be forever the "hewers of wood and drawers of water," predestined to be servants of the "superior" races. And so we called all servile laborers "slaves."

The Russians have ever been men of toil. Eighty per cent of that vast population are still soil workers, toilers in the fields, while even in our boasted agricultural United States only 53 per cent of our population are engaged in agricultural pursuits. Notwithstanding our boasted agricultural resources, Russia, in the year 1913, provided one-quarter of the breadstuffs of the earth. That year its wheat exceeded the American output by two million bushels.

To go back again to Tolstoy. He said that humanity was bound by three terrible bondages which cannot be broken by individuals but must be broken by corporate means, by governments.

One of these bondages from which the world is now suffering is the bondage of the sword, the horrible burden of war. The curse of Europe and the menace of America.

Another is the bondage of the land, the giving of increasingly large sections of the universal domain into the exclusive control and ownership of a few. This is the burden of Europe, the blight of England, the menace of the United States. The democratic England we believe in will never rise to its power until the monopoly, the immense estates occupied by "dukes," "lords" and "barons" are dismantled and divided.

For this reason Tolstoy hailed from afar the writings of Henry George, the American. Without passing on the working practicality of his scheme for the betterment of conditions, Henry George's great arraignment against landed monopoly has never been answered. His ethical demand appealed alike to Tolstoy and to all lovers of man.

The third heavy bondage is that of taxation, which of course covers the demands of government upon the products of human toil, a large proportion of which is devoted to the luxuries and sumptuous extravagances of those in power, and still more to the wicked wastes of wars real and imaginary. In the last analysis the burden of producing all our luxuries rest upon the shoulders of the man who toils, and ultimately upon the man who toils in the fields.

There remains still to be studied the most timely lesson in the gospel of Tolstoy and the contributions of Russia,—the lesson of Moscow and the Napoleonic invasion. Napoleon, that proud relic of antiquity, belated in time, thought to subdue Europe by the power of his sword. He marched half a million men into Russia. When near the end of the great journey he caught sight of the gracious city of Moscow, with its five hundred church domes, he waved his hand across the horizon line and said to his army, "All this is yours," and they entered. He expected a delegation of the city authorities to surrender the city officially into his power. He was prepared to offer magnificent generosity to a fallen foe; but instead of a great surrendering army he found only a crippled few, the helpless and the indigent. Russia's capital had been vacated, and in a few hours, at a given signal, incendiary fires broke out in all parts of the city. Great, proud Moscow became a wasted city. Fire had defeated the sword. The disappointed army, humiliated and chagrined, broke forth into pillage,, turmoil and ravishings unparalleled. For several weeks the humiliated Napoleon haunted the ashes, camped amid the cinders, and there was nobody to fight, nobody from whom to demand a surrender. Then he turned about and started on that piteous march, fighting only the distances, the sleet and the frost, and escaping with only forty thousand men out of the half million with whom he had set forth. The rest were murdered by false logic, wrecked by the ambitions and tactical assumption that a great country like Russia could be conquered or divided by an invading army, however great or triumphant in battle. I take it there is a lesson in Napoleon's march from Moscow that ought to be read and applied by the "Safety League" now trying to scare the pacific citizen of the United States into militancy.

Listen to the words of Lincoln on the "Danger of Foreign Invasion," spoken when only twenty-eight years of age before the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield, Ill., way back there in 1837:

> Shall we expect some transatlantic military giant to step across the ocean and crush us at a blow? Never! All the armies of Europe, Asia and Africa combined, with all the treasures of the earth (our own excepted) in their military chest, with a Bonapare for a commander, could not by force take a drink from the Ohio or make a track on the Blue Ridge in a trial of a thousand years.

This is as good strategy as it is statesmanship. The great stretches of our republic will remain free so long as its people are intelligent and loyal, diligent and saving. No outside foe can ever denude this country, however much they may wish to storm our shores with shells or sink our battleships. Nations do not die from invasion, they die from internal rottenness. Lincoln was right when he said in the same speech, "If our republic ever dies, it will die from suicide, from degeneracy."

Many nations have indeed lost their political existence, but so far as they have been noble they have been planted deeper in the economy of civilization. Witness as I call the roll of the submerged nations: Judea, Greece, Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, Ireland, Wales, Scotland. All of them have been "conquered." All of them have been "dismantled," all of them have been"wiped off the map." But all of them have survived nobly in the arts, the sciences, and above all in the literature and songs of the world. They have all remained even as political forces in the world for the Powers that conquered them have frequently been forced to turn around and give into their hands the positions requiring administrative and creative ability. The grandson of Kossuth, the defeated Hungarian, was President of the Austro-Hungarian Senate for several years. And you know where the Irish, Scotch and Welsh stand in the councils of Great Britain as well as in the affections of the world.

Let the lesson of Moscow be taken to heart. Perhaps the greatest church in Russia in point of attractiveness and cost is the Church of the Savior in Moscow, built to commemorate the triumph over Napoleon. It is said to have cost forty million dollars and its gilded dome took $1,200,000 worth of gold bullion to cover it. But this does not best indicate the triumph of Moscow, this magnificent building does not most adequately celebrate the unmilitary conquest. Rather does Tolstoy's matchless story of "Peace and War" do this,—the greatest novel ever written after "Les Miserables," if indeed it is not entitled to equal rank with the great French masterpiece.

In closing may I relate one of the stories that indicates the spirit of Russia. You remember the Tolstoy story of the peasant who had profited by dealing in real estate and made a great deal of money. He heard that to the westward land was sold very cheap. He determined to move and buy more land. There he found that land was not sold by the acre but by the day. For a certain sum of money he would receive all the land he could travel around in a day. He started out at sunrise and was permitted to travel until sunset. He carried bread and a flask of water suspended from his neck that he might lose no time.

He started out briskly, in a little while he quickened his pace. Seeing more land that he wanted, he again and again quickened his pace. Finally he saw that he had gone as far as he dared, and he started back. He was tired, his strength was giving way, he stumbled and rose again, he kept running and falling. The sun was just dropping behind the hill when he fell on the home stake dead. And the real estate man gave the order, "Measure a space of ground three feet by seven and bury him; he has earned it."

Tolstoy came honestly by his stories. The books tell us that even the folklore, the peasant stores of Russia, are not the stories of knights and lords and ladies, but men of the soil, helpers of the poor.

These stories suggest something of the tremendous wealth of Russia, the Russia of Tolstoy and the Russia of Verestchagin, the Russia of the peasant mass that has cherished for us such searching parables.

Father, we thank Thee for Tolstoy and the brave peasant people back of him and the high hopes of those who have come after him. Help us, with Him, to apply the Gospel we profess and to practice the religion we assume. Amen.

An American View.—No Ultimatum in Diplomacy

When Mr. Bryan became Secretary of State he said a very wise thing in answer to a question from Japan: "There is no final word among friends." This sentence holds the substance of American diplomacy. We issue no ultimatum. An ultimatum is a confession of lack of resources. It denies all choice save to yield or to resist. It is addressed to enemies, not friends. This nation has no enemy nations. It wishes to create none. It is "the land where hatred dies."

The ultimatum is a dangerous instrument because it can never represent the nation from which it comes. It may be written by a single person, approved or mutilated by a few others; and there is no limit to its degree of possible insolence. It is, in fact, the weapon of the conspirator, not of the nation. The President, in his two notes on the Lusitania affair, has clearly expressed the thought of most of the American people. What will be Germany's response? Is there any way in which Germany can respond? It matters little to us what the military group who wrote the first answer may say. They may be defiant, scornful, evasive, playing for time—all this is of secondary importance. What will be Germany's answer? She has empowered no one to speak.

There are two Germanys: the military Germany, with which our republic can have nothing in common; and law-abiding Germany, temporarily submerged, with which we shall bind ourselves in close sympathy whenever the time shall come for us to meet. The acts that have shocked the law-abiding world have brought distress to civil Germany as well—the fear that the nation has committed the unpardonable sin. For the present, the military group is in the lead, and in war time the masses follow like sheep; but the other Germany exists, and its sympathizers are high in the councils of the Emperor.

The answer to the President's first note is the work of the military group. With it we can reach no understanding, for we meet on no common ground.

It is toward the co-operation and sympathy of civil Germany that our diplomacy should reach. The hope of Europe is that civil authority, which means law, should triumph over the anarchy of force. To this end it is vitally necessary that the German people should take charge of their own nation. The Tirpitz-Falkenhayn-Reventlow type of anti-statesman must at last be sent to the rear, even as their like in England were sent after the Boer War. War will not dispose of them,—law must be the function of democratic control.

Men of like purpose can meet on equal terms. Mutual respect, mutual aid and mutual understanding yield terms of lasting peace.

Whatever the immediate response of Germany, our duty is the same,—to keep in view the primal necessity of friendship with the German nation, as with all other nations; to co-operate as far as may be with the law-abiding elements in all; we may disregard the chicanery of diplomacy. War at the worst is a temporary spasm—friendship should outlast it. And we should remember that "There is no final word among friends." In the present juncture there is nothing so important to the world as this: the republic of America must remain law-abiding.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

From Goodwill (London).

CORRESPONDENCE

The Funeral of Booker T. Washington

His earthly career had ended, and his body was surrounded by groups of students and friends. Thousands were upon the grounds. Everywhere there were signs of mourning. A subdued spirit was regnant over all the place. The bugle call, summoning the students for the last march in honor of their great teacher, seemed hushed and far away. Almost with the announcement of the death on Sunday, colored folk began gathering for the funeral, and on the morning of the funeral, Wednesday, this steady stream was augmented by people in all sorts of conveyances, automobiles, trim buggies and surreys, mule carts and two-horse wagons, still others walking—all going up to do homage to their leader. And such an outpouring of white people, friends from New England and New York, and the central west, neighbors from everywhere in Alabama, educators, editors, lawyers, judges, ministers of the Gospel, together with such an outpouring of the farmers of the countryside and citizens of Tuskegee and Birmingham and Montgomery! Every place of business at Tuskegee was closed during the hour of service. Was there ever such an occasion before in the State of Alabama? Few occasions similar to this have ever occurred in this country. Everyone seemed to be standing at the bier of a friend. The beautiful chapel was thronged. Nearly half of its space was reserved for white friends. The immense platform, which all friends of Tuskegee will remember, was banked with beautiful flowers. Such a collection is rarely seen. Flowers of every kind and variety, flowers from everywhere, immense set pieces from some sorrowing fraternity or organization, mingled with a tiny bouquet from some humble admirer. All seasons were represented, the flowers of the spring

with those of summer and autumn. The great simple hearted man, no doubt would have mourned the plucking and the fading of the God-smile among the plants, but he could not speak, and it seemed as though the multitudes were mutely saying, "This is all we can do, we bring these flowers." And such a stream constantly pouring in from all entrances to take the last look. Young students in regulation uniform of the school stood as a guard of honor. A judge of the court followed by an old mammy with turbaned head and unsteady gait and then perhaps a distinguished bishop of the colored church. Then awkward country colored youth carrying their horse-whips, they pass by, elegant ladies from Montgomery or Tuskegee also in the march, and the statuesque guard of honor always at attention. A far away strain of music, Chopin's Funeral March, over and over again we hear. Finally the arrival of the students marching—a march that seemed endless, filling up pew after pew and standing in the aisles, then the quick appearance of the girls, with another seemingly endless procession, and finally with the last strains of the music dying away, the widow, led by the venerable John H. Washington with the immediate family, enter and take their places. Lastly the board of trustees, led by the chaplain, find seats on the platform. The great choir sings, and a few sentences by the chaplain follow. A marvelous interpretative reading of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians is given by a member of the faculty of the Phelps Hall Bible School, followed by "Lead Kindly Light."

Dr. Hollis B. Frissell, the distinguished head of Hampton Institute, who had been Mr. Washington's teacher and long-time friend, offered prayer, the most beautiful, the most haunting, that the writer has ever heard. Then the choir sang "Swing Low Sweet Chariot." A brief telegram was read from Seth Low, addressed to the vice-principal, Mr. Warren Logan, and Mr. W. G. Wilcox of New York, paid a brief, but touching, tribute to the great founder and assured the workers of the hearty support of the board of trustees. At no time was there uncontrolable anguish. It did not seem that he was gone. The sublimity and grandeur was almost overmastering. The choir rendered "Tell My Children Not to Grieve for Me," and it seemed to be his word to his friends. Years ago Mr. Andrew Carnegie, while visiting at Tuskegee, said that to his thinking, the most wonderful thing about the whole institution was not her factories, nor shops, nor yet her school rooms nor library. "The most wonderful thing," said Mr. Carnegie, "is her Heavenly music." Mr. Carnegie had heard music all over the world, but at Tuskegee he heard the best. I have been at Tuskegee many times and have heard many programs, but never such rhythm, such harmony, such divine touch and tone as at this funeral. Booker T. Washington is not dead, and some way no one there seemed to feel that he was gone. He lives in the lives of millions of his race. He was yesterday and is today in countless homes where he had taught his people a new life and living, and into the old homes he has given a new grace and tenantry. Booker T. Washington lives in the lives of thousands, whom he has taught to eradicate hatred and narrowness and meanness. Booker T. Washington lives in the hearts, not only of those who speak the English tongue, but in the lives of those who do not know our language, and its meaning. Booker T. Washington lives as Christ lives. He is alive as Paul is yet alive. His voice is as the voice of Lincoln—that Lincoln who cast off the shackles. Call Booker T. Washington educator, orator, statesman, patriot if you will, but above them all, call Booker T. Washington the real emancipator of his race. And at every new success his race attains, we will say in our hearts, Booker T. Washington still lives.

LYMAN WARD.

Camp Hill, Ala., November 18, 1915.

Woman and Beauty

The new religion, the coming world religion, must have its vehicles, and one of them will be *beauty*. For we are learning that beauty is not a mere pleasure, but is the great stimulus of life—that when men and women begin to have a knowledge and an appreciation of art and a delight in the beautiful, they begin to enlarge. The love of beauty in art, in life, and in nature is a most potent educational and *moral* force. Let the coarsest man begin to love beauty, as seen in the face of a child, let him begin to love and cultivate a flower, and he begins to grow better.

It was Socrates who first taught us the intimate connection between the physical and moral beauty, between beauty of body and beauty of soul—*to agathon*.

We hear much today (none too much) about the rights of woman, but not of that indisputable right which especially belongs to her—*the right to be beautiful*. And the beautiful woman is a higher type of humanity than the more imaginative man, however perfect. Yet it is to be feared that the rich and the bourgeois American woman pays so much attention to the adornment of her body, that she has no time to make her body *itself* beautiful.

A woman should not lose her beauty with her youth, but should grow more and more beautiful even after she has passed her meridian and has descended into the shadows of old age.

A beautiful old woman would be a subject even for the brush of a Raphael, for she carries everything in her face, all the wonder of the past and the mystery of the future.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

AT EVENTIDE

The shades are gathering, the day is done,
  Night closes fast;
The hills, late haloed by the setting sun,
  Grow dark and vast.

And yet, O Father, ere the day is gone,
  A holy light,
Such as ne'er shone the sea or earth upon,
  Precedes the night.

Earth fades full quickly from our tiring view,
  Its voice is stilled;
Gone are life's promptings which each day anew
  The pulses thrilled.

But, Presence great and good, to thee we turn
  For peace and rest,
And in thy love poured o'er our souls, discern
  All that is best.

Elizabeth, Colo. —*W. H. Jones.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LLOYD JONES

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James. H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

A PARISH PROGRAM.

The pastor of the Unitarian Church of Erie, Pa., in sending his autumnal greetings to the parish, says:

I have been more and more convinced this last year that this old World of ours needs our Unitarian Faith and gospel more than ever before. The great war has sobered the minds of thinking people, set them to asking questions, and to the searching of their hearts for the deeper meaning of life.

In the midst of crumbling civilizations and old creeds, we are looking as never before for the things that abide and endure. We are looking for the faith, the ideals, the convictions that give renewed interest, hope, and inspiration to the common daily life. * * * * So, with this view, it is my aim to make the Sunday morning service minister to the spiritual life, to make it a religious service for the feeding of the roots of life and love, for the quickening of all those forces within the soul which keeps us spiritually alive, which keeps us happily and devotedly at work, and which sends us forth with renewed courage to engage in the upbuilding work of the World.

A brave list of topics is announced for the year along the lines of liberal faith. These topics are:

"How Unitarianism Touches the Whole of Life";

"Was Jesus a God or a Man?"

"The Modern Gospel of Human Efficiency";

"What if this World Were Liberal in Religion?"

In December and January four great modern novels are to be considered:

"The Redemption of Jean Valjean, from Les Miserables";

"The Story of Adam Bede, Craftsman";

"A Far Country," by Churchill; and

"The Scarlet Letter," by Hawthorne.

In February four great liberal leaders, as follows:

"Thomas Paine, Patriot";

"Elbert Hubbard, the Good Humored Iconoclast";

"Robert Ingersoll, the Idol Breaker"; and

"Voltaire, the Thinker Who Laughed Superstition Out of Court."

In March and April the interpretation of six great dramas is promised:

"Othello, the Tragedy of Jealousy";

"Macbeth, a Tragedy of a Mad Ambition"; and

"Shylock, the Tragedy of the Spirit of Revenge."

"The Terrible Meek," by Kennedy;

"The Pillars of Society,' by Ibsen; and

"Riders to the Sea," by John Synge.

These to be followed by five illustrated lectures on the Lands of the World Great Religions:

"China, the Land of Confucius";

"Turkey, the Home of Mohammedanism";

"Egypt and Her Gods";

"Palestine and the Religion of Israel"; and

"India, the Land of the Buddha."

Let no one dismiss this outline as being too pretentious for pulpit work, or too academic for popular attention. Let the minister who thinks the people want something easy, short, attractive and entertaining, try something like this once in a while. Perhaps it will work better, it can scarcely work more poorly than the present achievement of much of the easy dribble that flows from too many pulpits.

A Thought

God sent a winged thought
Into my soul one day,
And bade me send it out again
With unabated ray
Of burnished beauty, silver bright,
And wings unshorn of might.

God has great store of such
White thoughts, swift, buoyant things.
And when He wills, they touch us
With the waffure of their wings.
They touch us on their gleaming way —
Their wings forbid their stay.

Onward their blessed flight!
To other hearts they bear
Their beauty and their light.
Heaven's rapture and its radiant air
Breathe round us, when God sends them down,—
That day, we wear a crown!

From "Poems" by Mrs. Merrill E. Gates (Mary C. Bishop), published by Fleming H. Revell. Reprinted by permission of Merrill E. Gates.

MYRA IVANOVNA.

Just at this time, when several States have been endeavoring to decide whether woman is fit for the ballot or the ballot fit for her, comes the story of Myra Ivanovna, a Russian Sister of Mercy. To be sure, the story does not prove woman's right to suffrage: it only shows her equality with man, if not her superiorty to him, in courage, devotion, and patriotism. For what these qualities are worth may Myra Ivanovna not be forgotten, in her own country and elsewhere! A correspondent of the London *Morning Post* translates her story from the war correspondent Kupchinsky's account in the Petrograd *Birzheviya Vedomosti*:

"Myra Ivanovna accompanied her brother, a military doctor, to the front. Small and weak, nervous, but extremely active when there was work to be done among the sick and wounded, Myra Ivanovna astounded every one by her power of endurance.

"The time came when the Germans outflanked the regiment to which she was attached, and poured a deadly fire into the trenches. The ambulance near the 10th Regiment was not brought to the rear, despite the instructions of the commander. It was discovered that Sister Ivanova was employed there in bandaging the wounded."

"'Let the ambulance station go back,' she said; 'I shall stay here, where my hands are wanted.'

"The doctors and the wounded officers appealed in vain—she would not retreat until her brother ordered her to do so. No

Schumann & Company

CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns
and Kid Gloves

PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street

Telephones at all Division Offices

EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR THE
LIBERAL MINISTRY

Including special courses to meet the growing demand for Parish Assistants, Sunday School Directors, Headworkers of Church Settlements and Club Leaders. Open to men and women. Modern, undogmatic, scholarly, practical. Liberal scholarship provisions, including two summer sessions at The University of Chicago. Traveling fellowship yielding $810. Religious education and social service institutes during the summer quarter open to special students with scholarship aid.

Apply to F. C. Southworth, President
MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL
Meadville, Pennsylvania.

W. H. KIDWELL & SON
Successors to
J. F. KIDWELL & BRO.

Florists and Decorators

923-929 E. 43rd St.
Phone Oakland 830

3806 Wentworth Ave.
Phone Yards 694

OAKLAND Motor Livery

Telephone { Oakland 100 / Drexel 1288-1289

1049 E. 43rd Street
821 E. 39th Street

LIMOUSINES FOR HIRE

NOTE OUR RATES
Lowest in Chicago

ONE PASSENGER

First Half Mile	$0.40
Each Half Mile Thereafter	.10
Each Hour Waiting Time	.80

EXTRA PASSENGERS

For Each Passenger Above One, For the Entire Trip, Extra	.10

Let us hear from Lincoln Centre If it Pays to Advertise

sooner, however, was the ambulance posted in a new situation than she moved back to her former position with a few volunteers. At this time the enemy's re-enforcements with machine guns opened a deadly fire from some heights commanding the position, and Ivanova was slightly wounded by a bullet in the left arm. She bandaged the wound herself, and, without saying a word, continued her work."

Soon it became apparent that the position of the regiment was a perilous one. Every moment the strength of the enemy was increasing, and the Russian ranks had been decimated by their long exposure to heavy fire. Above all things, it was necessary to strike a rapid blow, sharp and decisive; but officer after officer was brought in wounded, and at last word came that the commander himself had been killed. Men began to drop back from the front trenches. A perceptible feeling of indecision grew in the ranks. Soon would come that moment when, in the flash of an instant, panic would spread. We read:

"Feeling that the men were wavering after the loss of their leaders, and actuated by indignant horror at the unequal fight, Sister Myra Ivanova drew a sword from the sheath of a dead officer and ran from the station. She was followed by some of the wounded soldiers, who, with tears in their eyes, implored her to return, and even strove to detain her by holding her arms, but she freed herself.

"Then, her eyes burning with excitement, she went forward. She was not alone, for the soldiers were anxious to defend this frail woman who was leading them back to the trenches, her sword raised in the air.

"The soldiers of the 10th Regiment were already wavering in the trenches, weakened as they were by the enemy's fire, and many of them were anxious to leave when, at this critical moment, Sister Myra, surrounded by a group of wounded soldiers, with an uplifted sword in her hand, rushed toward the trench. At once there was a resounding "Hurrah!" and the rifles of the exhausted soldiers commenced once more their deadly clicking.

"For a moment Sister Myra bent toward the occupants of the trench, and they heard the word *'Golubebiki!'* (Dear *ones*). Then, rising to her feet, she ran forward, her sword flashing in the air. All the men followed her. But all the time the enemy machine guns were working, and, losing men with every step, the remnants of the company made a wild dash for the enemy's trench, which they ocupied after some furious work with the bayonet. The enemy fled precipitately, but in the recesses of the trench, on the bloody ground trodden by the feet of the eager combatants, lay Sister Myra Ivanovna.

"Rough soldiers bent over her, and now that the excitement of the fray was over they wept as they tried vainly to arrest the flow of blood from a wound in her throat. She was carried out of the fire, but before she had proceeded far another bullet struck her, and she fell dead among the group of soldiers. Myra Ivanovna was only twenty years of age."

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

Annual Statement of the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland of Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, on the 31st day of December, 1914, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock paid up in cash	$ 3,000,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$ 6,728,308.04
Interests, rents and dividends	489,480.08
From other sources	57,014.90
From agents' balances previously charged off	625.50
Profit on sale or maturity of ledger assets	7,103.78
Increase in book value of ledger assets	145,888.75
Total income	$ 7,428,421.05

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	$ 2,546,237.70
Investigation and adjustment of claims	374,988.83
Commission or brokerage	1,516,041.66
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employes	1,122,907.79
Rents	74,118.29
Repairs, expenses and taxes on real estate	90,902.75
All other taxes, licenses and insurance department fees	217,652.47
Legal expenses, advertising, printing and stationery	105,521.71
Postage, telegraph, telephone, express, furniture and fixtures	56,344.70
Stockholders for interest or dividends	480,000.00
All other disbursements	304,735.08
Agents' balances charged off	3,968.45
Decrease in book value of ledger assets	123,273.24
Total disbursements	$ 7,016,692.67

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of real estate	$ 2,560,137.41
Mortgage loans on real estate	217,405.00
Loans on collateral security	688,262.50
Book value of bonds and stocks	5,319,898.00
Cash on hand and in bank	1,290,335.92
Premiums in course of collection	2,113,083.31
Other ledger assets	55,648.84
Total ledger assets	$12,244,770.98

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest and rents due and accrued	$ 593.75
Gross assets	$12,245,364.73

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Gross premiums in course of collection over three months' due	$781,588.55	
Market value of special deposits over corresponding liabilities	479,871.98	
		1,261,460.53
Total admitted assets		$10,983,904.20

LIABILITIES.

Net amount of unpaid losses	$ 1,828,214.33
Expenses of settlement of claims	44,730.02
Total unearned premiums	3,388,360.08
Commission and brokerage	199,109.30
Salaries, rents, bills, etc	20,000.00
State, county and municipal taxes	110,000.00
Return and re-insurance premiums	195,288.67
Advance premiums	309,756.76
Other liabilities	284,691.17
Total liabilities	$ 6,380,150.33

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total premiums received during the year	$ 381,075.92
Total losses paid during the year	182,989.12

CHAS. R. MILLER, Vice-President.
THOS. L. BERRY, Asst. Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of February, 1915.

FRED. S. AXTELL, Notary Public.
[SEAL]

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

Annual Statement of the Frankfort General Insurance Company of Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, on the 31st day of December, 1914, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of deposit capital	$ 250,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$ 1,132,743.59
Policy fees required or represented by application	12,364.45
Interest, rents and dividends	48,873.48
From other sources	32,091.82
Total income	$ 1,226,073.34

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	$ 626,717.65
Investigation and adjustment of claims	122,115.32
Policy fees retained by agents	12,364.45
Commission or brokerage	240,874.24
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employes	117,259.82
Rents	8,762.56
All other taxes, licenses and insurance department fees	23,254.22
Legal expenses, advertising, printing and stationery	14,744.96
Postage, telegraph, telephone, express, furniture and fixtures	6,366.73
All other disbursements	23,398.51
Loss on sale or maturity of ledger assets	58.49
Decrease in book value of ledger assets	810.77
Total disbursements	$ 1,196,727.72

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds and stocks	$ 1,260,544.55
Cash on hand and in bank	98,924.66
Premiums in course of collection	129,590.95
Other ledger assets	9,819.28
Total ledger assets	$ 1,498,879.44

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest and rents due and accrued	$ 13,963.93
Other non-ledger assets	14,237.01
Gross assets	$ 1,527,080.38

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Gross premiums in course of collection over three months' due	$ 7,678.66	
Book value of ledger assets over market value	91,084.55	
		98,763.21
Total admitted assets		$ 1,428,317.17

LIABILITIES.

Net amount of unpaid losses	$ 539,760.78
Expenses of settlement of claims	1,416.49
Total unearned premiums	375,928.80
Commission and brokerage	26,752.31
Salaries, rents, bills, etc	1,500.00
State, county and municipal taxes	16,000.00
Advance premiums	4,059.53
Total liabilities	$ 965,417.91

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS

Total premiums received during the year	$ 104,872.84
Total losses paid during the year	100,109.95

C. H. FRANKLIN, U. S. Manager.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of February, 1915.

EDWIN G. MARKS, Notary Public.
[SEAL]

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

Annual Statement of the General Accident, Fire and Life Asurance Corporation, Limited, of Perth, Scotland, on the 31st day of December, 1914, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of deposit capital paid up in cash	$ 250,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$ 3,679,248.33
Policy fees required or represented by application	116,595.00
Interest, rents and dividends	101,353.22
From other sources	345,660.86
From agents' balances previously charged off	4,818.70
Profit on sale or maturity of ledger assets	150.30
Increase in book value of ledger assets	2,994.02
Total income	$ 4,250,820.43

DISBURSEMENTS.

Losses paid during the year	$ 2,001,246.63
Investigations and adjustment of claims	427,191.30
Policy fees retained by agents	116,595.00
Commission or brokerage	1,002,714.29
Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employes	409,785.70
Rents	37,599.94
Repairs, expenses and taxes on real estate	10,281.85
All other taxes, licenses and insurance department fees	91,165.51
Legal expenses, advertising, printing and stationery	65,329.89
Postage, telegraph, telephone, express, furniture and fixtures	55,993.92
All other disbursements	36,808.72
Agents' balances charged off	2,928.48
Total disbursements	$ 4,257,641.23

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of real estate	$ 216,154.60
Mortgage loans on real estate	15,500.00
Book value of bonds and stocks	2,102,544.87
Cash on hand and in bank	75,543.21
Premiums in course of collection	677,538.25
Bills receivabe	3,459.50
Other ledger assets	218,772.38
Total ledger assets	$ 3,309,512.81

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest and rents due and accrued	$ 27,227.90
Gross assets	$ 3,336,740.71

DEDUCT ASSETS NOT ADMITTED.

Bills receivable	$ 3,459.50	
Gross premiums in course of collection over three months' due	148,306.25	
Book value of ledger assets over market value	151,339.47	
Other unadmitted assets	242,426.98	
		509,377.60
Total admitted assets		$ 2,827,363.11

LIABILITIES.

Net amount of unpaid losses	$ 941,987.23
Expenses of settlement of claims	4,112.00
Total unearned premiums	1,164,161.45
Commission and brokerage	123,527.21
Salares, rents, bills, etc	10,000.00
State, county and municipal taxes	66,184.96
Interest due or accrued	1,033.33
Advance premiums	19,750.00
Other liabilities	160,000.00
Total liabilities	$ 2,490,756.18

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total premiums received during the year	$ 536,486.84
Total losses paid during the year	228,964.58

C. NORIE MILLER, U. S. Manager.
CHARLES G. COOK, Chief Accountant.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of March, 1915.

GEO. WILKES, Notary Public.
[SEAL]

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

Annual Statement of the General Indemnity Corporation of America of Rochester, in the State of New York, on the 31st day of December, 1914, made to the Insurance Superintendent of the State of Illinois, pursuant to law.

CAPITAL.

Amount of capital stock paid up in cash	$ 200,000.00

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	11,842.50
Total income	$ 11,842.50

DISBURSEMENTS.

Salaries, fees and all other charges of officers, clerks, agents and employes	$ 1,466.73
Rents	95.00
All other taxes, licenses and insurance department fees	2,740.53
Legal expenses, advertising, printing and stationery	6,473.63
Postage, telegraph, telephone, express, furniture and fixtures	5,377.70
All other disbursements	1,402.49
Total disbursements	$ 12,716.08

LEDGER ASSETS.

Book value of bonds and stocks	$ 283,358.84
Cash on hand and in bank	20,767.58
Total ledger assets	$ 304,126.42

NON-LEDGER ASSETS.

Interest and rents due and accrued	$ 4,293.75
Total admitted assets	$ 308,420.17

LIABILITIES.

Total unearned premiums	$ 11,375.40
State, county and municipal taxes	236.85
Total liabilities	$ 11,612.25

BUSINESS IN ILLINOIS.

Total premiums received during the year	$ 782.50

HIRAM R. WOOD, President.
RALPH M. BARSTON, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of January, 1915.

MABEL L. VERWEY, Notary Public.
[SEAL]